NUMB. XXVI.

The GUARDIAN.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto quæ dos dicitur
Sed pudicitiam & pudorem & sedatum cupidinem. Plaut.

Friday, April 10. 1713.

AN healthy old Fellow, that is not a Fool, is the happiest Creature living. It is at that Time of Life only Men enjoy their Faculties with Pleasure and Satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to mariage, as the Phrase is, we speak the downright Truth, and whether the rest of the World will give us the Privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the Women from this one Consideration, and having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in Nature, and as they are adorned with Virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A Set of Fops, from one Generation to another, has made such a Pother with *Bright Eyes*, *the Fair Sex*, *the Charms*, *the Air*, and something so incapable to be expressed but with a Sigh, that the Creatures have utterly gone out of their very Being, and there are no Women at all in the World. If they are not Nymphs, Shepherdesses, Graces or Goddesses, they are to a Woman all of them *the Ladies*. Get to a Christning at any Ally in Town, and at the meanest Artificers, and the Word is, *Well, who takes Care of the Ladies?* I have taken notice that ever since the Word *Forsooth* was banished for *Madam*, the Word *Woman* has been discarded for *Lady*. And as there is now never a Woman in *England*, I hope I may talk of *Women* without Offence, to the *Ladies*. What puts me in this present Disposition to tell them their own is, that in the Holy Week I very civilly desired all Delinquents in Point of Chastity to make some Atonement for their Freedoms, by bestowing a Charity upon the miserable Wretches who languish in the *Lock* Hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old Fellow, and say I do not understand the World. It is not, it seems, within the Rules of Good-breeding to tax the Vices of People of Quality, and the Commandments were made for the Vulgar. I am indeed informed of some Oblations sent into the House, but they are all come from the Servants of Criminals of Condition. A poor Chamber-maid has sent in Ten Shillings out of her Hush-money, to expiate her Guilt of being in her Mistress's Secret, but says, she dare not ask her Ladiship for any thing, for she is not so supposed that she is locked up with a young Gentleman, in the Absence of her Husband, three Hours together for any harm; but as my Lady is a Person of great Sense, the Girl does not know, but that they were reading some good Book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her Ten Shillings for the Guilt of concealing it. We have a Thimble from a Country Girl that owns she has had Dreams of a fine Gentleman who comes to their House, who gave her half a Crown, and bid her have a care of the Men in this Town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the Thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The Ten Shillings, this Thimble, and an Ocrany Spoon from some other unknown poor Sinner, are all the Atonement which is made for the Body of Sin in *London* and *Westminster*. I have computed, that there is one in every Three Hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest Computation, how great a Number are those who make no Account of my Admonition. It might be expected one or two of the Two Hundred and Ninety Nine honest might, out of meer Charity and Compassion to Iniquity, as it is a Misfor-

(Price Two Pence.)